DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

City Folk and Their Country Cousins

By WINIFRED BLACK.

PROF. THOMAS D. WOOD, of Columbia University, has been investigating the children—he and his committee. They've studied the children from Idaho, from Massachusetts, from Pennsylvania, from New Jersey, and from Virginia.

They've been peering into throats and tapping chests, and measuring arms, and weighing bodies, and fussing over the eyesight and fuming over the teeth. They've made histories of diseases and taken notes—and looked into records—and what Prof. Thomas D. Wood of Columbia University and his committee do not know about the American child, physically speaking, doesn't seem to be worth knowing.

And the thing that stands out at the very head and front of the report of that committee is—that the country child is below normal and defective, and in need of medical attention—in amazing percentage.

The city child is better nourished, better watched, better taken care of, and better protected than the country child, says the report of the committee—and everybody is saying, "Well, did you ever?" and "Who'd ever think it?" at a great rate.

It does seem a little surprising—before you get to thinking of it—but it really isn't, after all. The rude health that is supposed to flourish in the country districts is just one of those things that ought to be true—and isn't.

Do you remember the first summer you spent in the country—not in the mountains or at the seashore—but in the real country? You couldn't find a soul to go for a walk with you—the woods were "too far," and the hills were "too hard to climb," and the meadows were "way off yonder."

And when you went to spend the afternoon with the daughters of a neighboring farmer you walked to their door through an orchard thick with perfume, and green with growing beauty—and found them sitting in a stuffy room making crocheted lace that never looked like anything except appropriate trimming for a wash-rag.

Health Shut Outside.

And they never even invited you into the orchard, though you hinted and hinted—and there wasn't a flower in the house, or a branch of green, and all the doors were shut and every window was down. Mother was in the kitchen frying doughnuts, and sister was in the dining room sewing carpet rags, and auntie was there painting china—perfect ladies, every one of them. They were absolutely struck dumb with horror at the very idea of traipsing out in the sun and getting all sunburned.

It's quite sane and sensible for her to shut herself in a stuffy house and have the headache. It's eminently proper for her to stew over a hot stove, and make so much jelly that nobody knows where on earth to put it. It's quite the thing for her to tear rags into strips, and sew them together again, just to be doing—but to walk for pleasure, or to ride for fun, or to drive for the air—why, the very idea.

That's the sort of place that the country child comes from. The child who sleeps in a room with the windows tight shut and locked, from one year's end to the other. The child who eats fat pork, saleratus biscuit and sorghum molasses three times a day. The child who has a cough and is kind of peaked for months before any one thinks of sending for a doctor and finding out whether it is tuberculosis that makes him cough or not.

Go into any country school and you'll find half a dozen children who are called by the teacher "sort o' queer."

I asked a country school teacher about two of her boys just last summer.

"Oh," she said, "Dan's an odd stick—always was, an always will be. I never bother him much about lessons. And Mary—why, Mary's two sisters were in my room last year, and they were both queer, the same as she is."

And nobody with half an eye could look at poor Dan without seeing that he could hardly breathe on account of adenoids—and that little Mary was slightly deaf, and a bit near-sighted—and there was nothing else in the world the matter with the poor child. If either of these children had been in a city school they would have been examined and treated—and cured, as a matter of course.

How can country children be healthy, when they are born of country mothers and fathers?

Did you ever see a woman past thirty in the country who didn't look every day of her age, and ten years more at that? Did you ever know an average farmer of forty who didn't look sixty and act it? Why, they begin to talk about getting along in years when they turn the corner at thirty—in the country.

What's to Be Done?

And, then, the moral surroundings. I don't see why a boy is any better off hobnobbing with some wandering tramp of a hired man in the barn Sunday afternoon than he would be joining some boys' club in a neighborhood house in town.

The city does take the character and the individuality out of a child—there's no question in the world of that. Every big man and every big woman in America was born or brought up in the country—but big men and big women are the exception. What are we going to do about this rule?

Of course, when you take care of people all the time, they may not be quite so able to take care of themselves some time, but, on the whole, is there anything so very astonishing about the report which Prof. Wood and his assistants have made? I wish I could be surprised at it—but somehow I'm afraid I'm not.

I was born and brought up in the country myself, and I've seen every member of a family down with typhoid fever, and not a soul in the village trying to find out whether the water that those people drank was contaminated or not.

I've seen a whole school full of children drinking water which came from a well at the edge of an old-fashioned country graveyard, and there was great talk of the dispensations of Providence whenever one of the children who drank that poisoned water sickened and died.

City people are accustomed to meddlers. We're used to the gas man and the garbage man, the water man and the electric light man, the board of health and the board of education—and we're thankful to the person who calls us up over the phone and tells us that there's a defective sewer in our premises, and that we must attend to it at once—or pay the penalty.

You call up a farmer and tell him that the water from his well is dangerous because it drains from a manure pile, and he'll tell you to mind your business. And you'll have to mind it—or get into trouble.

You've pointed out an interesting state of things, Dr. Wood. Now, then, what are we going to do about it?

Do tell us in good, plain English—so that we can all understand.

THE LATEST SWIMMING SUIT

Very Close Fitting So You Can Swim When You Bathe

WHEN you want a swimming suit, don't ask the saleswoman for a bathing suit. The latter is only first cousin to the former.

Annette Kellermann says every woman ought to swim. She also says that women can't swim if they are all "dolled up" in corsets and fluffy, ruffly suits, which incorporate all the style features of an afternoon toilet.

One of the new suits is shown here. It is of silk and wool mixture, knitted like a fine sweater. The color is the new shade of green. There are knickers and a garment which is half sweater and half jersey, which fits the figure closely, extends down on the hips, and is held at the waist by a white wash leather or rubber belt.

It is really a very smart and becoming affair. Lest it appear somewhat shocking to conservative women, there is a skirt, either of the same knitted fabric, which is like the jersey-topped petticoats, or of waterproof satin in the same color. This fastens with snaps, and may be shed as the swimmer leaves the beach for the water and donned again as she comes out of the ocean.

The little cap is of rubberized satin, trimmed with rubber fruit. The parasol matches the suit in color and has a long white handle.

The newest bathing wrap is a fascinating pointed cape of thinnest, most supple gray rubber, cut long in front and back, reaching below the skirt of the suit and being shorter at the sides, so it just reaches the bend of the elbow.

It is trimmed all about the neck, down the front, and over the sides with a garland of tiny rubber roses and leaves.

The majority of the bathing suits are in somber colors, black or blue. There may be a bright splash of color in the trimming or the cap, but the fashionable bathing suits are not in rainbow shades.

Stockings and sandals give the opportunity for contrast, but I am told the best-dressed women wear the same color as the suit, or black stockings with white sandals.

What to Do With Clippings

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

THE housewife, just as much as the business man, has a great many things in which she is interested. As she reads over her favorite magazine she sees this article, which is interesting, about some phase of house decoration or furniture. In another magazine she reads about the newest kind of labor savers and household equipment. Her newspaper magazine page gives her some household suggestion or a good recipe. Perhaps she is interested in gardening, child training, or problem plays. The question is, where, oh, where, shall she put her clippings?

The business man has long ago answered this questions by developing various kinds of filing schemes in which to keep all the information which he desires to turn to at any time. Now, the average woman takes her clippings and stuffs them loosely into a book, or possibly pastes them there, or, as some tell me, they keep special small envelopes into which they place the clippings in which they are interested.

None of these methods is best because in time even a large book gets filled up, and if there is any need to take out a clipping, it is difficult to do so. Also, no book allows for any definite classification or systematizing the information in the clipping.

The very best, and at the same time the simplest, arrangement is to use the large, so-called "filing envelopes," which are seen in offices, libraries, and other places where information is catalogued or filed. These envelopes come in various sizes, the most usable of which is 9x12. These envelopes are made of heavy manila paper, and fastened either with a snap or string. They cost from 3 to 6 cents apiece, depending on the quantity in which they are bought. They can be secured at any stationer's, and even some of the department stores.

Now, how to use them. Supposing a dozen envelopes are bought, together with a few labels. Now let the housewife decide what are the subjects in which she is most interested and on which she wants to file information. Perhaps they will be such groups as Foods and Recipes, Interior Decoration, Child Hygiene, Club Programs, House Hints, etc. Write each name on a separate label, paste it in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope; then all the envelopes can be placed upright in a large drawer or bookholder on the desk.

When the housekeeper sees an article in which she is interested, as, perhaps, canning fruits in summer, she clips it, and then, instead of laying it away in a pigeonhole or a book in disorderly fashion, she simply slips it into the envelope called "Foods;" or, if she sees an article on Mme. Montessori's methods, she clips it and places it in the file called Child and Child Hygiene. She may use a dozen envelopes or she may use several dozen, depending upon the breadth of her interests. But in any case, with such envelopes, she will be able to locate at once a desired piece of information. And how much time we women often waste rummaging, searching and looking up just a little clipping or hint that we cannot find when we want it! A simple filing system will save time, effort, and temper.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Neglect of First Teeth Causes Ills in Later Life

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

DR. HIRSHBERG.

JOHNNY returned to school with this note from his mother:

"Dear Teacher: You keep tellin' my boy to breathe with his palate. Maybe rich children has got palates, but how about when there father only makes $2 a day and has got six children to keep? First its one thing, then its another, and now its palates. That's the worst yet."

It is much the same with Johnny's first teeth. First it's one thing and then it's another, and many mothers, despite the free dental clinics, still lay their neglect of a child's milk teeth to their own poverty.

Like Topsy, most children are allowed to "just grow up" without regard to the condition of their teeth. Although they are commanded to "wash their faces," "don't dare to sit at the table with dirty hands" and "it's about time you practiced your music lesson," never a word is said about "clean your teeth" or "stop in at the dentist."

Neglect of a child's first teeth is responsible for more ills of adult life than is usually realized. The fact that the first teeth act as arches to resist the inward pressure of the lips and to maintain cosmetic symmetry should make their importance mean assiduous attention from earliest infancy onward.

If the first teeth are correctly safeguarded, the permanent and second teeth slip snugly into the grooves of the first. They are thus retained in proper place, interlocked by their cusps. Cusps are the projections of the crown of a tooth.

Spaces should not be allowed between the first teeth. If so, where the points of contact are lost pressure of the lips crowd the teeth. This causes deformity of the second set.

The first teeth should, if possible, never be drawn out. When this occurs the second teeth have to force their way through the toughened, scar tissue of the gums.

If the first teeth decay, especially the pulp, germs enter and infect them, abscesses form, and serious mischief ensues in the gums. When this misdemeanor occurs, the roots of the first teeth fail to be absorbed, and become obstructions to the second ones. It causes the latter to become crooked.

The economic fallacy that "it's no use to spend money to fill the first, because they have to come out soon anyway," is one of those corrupting influences which saps the very vitals of civilization.

Cavities in the first teeth not only work ultimate damage to the permanent teeth, but they mar beauty, cause pain, and, worst of all, become the nesting place for some stray bacillus of tuberculosis, joint fever, diphtheria or a worse malady.

The wise modern mother must sacrifice her own duties, her own pleasure, and even a child's schooling, if need be, to have his teeth properly filled and looked after.

If general knowledge kept pace with the facts; if mothers, grandmothers, and neighbors thoroughly understood that the weak chin, protruding lips, ugly faces, coated tongues, chronic constipation and other life-long complaints were caused by their failure to take advantage of many useful procedures, there might be a different story to tell in the statistics of aches and pains of adult life.

Answers to Health Questions

E. C.—My dentist, who is a professor and recognized all over the world, says that the deposits around two of my receding gums are "uric acid" from the stomach and the blood, to which he says I am subject. 1. Why, if this is true, does the uric acid attack only two teeth and not the others? 2. What effect has milk of magnesia on this?

Your professor of dentistry is enthralled, as are most dentists, in the ancient delusion of "uric acid" nonsense. Those deposits are not "uric acid," despite what the professor says. 2. Slight defects in teeth, gums, and tissues generally cause food, bacteria, and debris to collect in the sore spots, and a mixture of salts, acids, and coagulated albumen gather there. 3. Milk of magnesia is a mechanical and a chemical cleaner.

K. G. H.—What can I do for hair falling out, get rid of dandruff, and stop intense itching?

Use the electric brush and massage your scalp well with the finger tips to prevent the hair falling out.

For dandruff try this: Resorcin, 10 grains; sulphur, 30 grains, and red vaseline, with any pleasant scent, one ounce. Massage this well into your scalp on alternate nights.

A. P. C.—Is an orange, before retiring, beneficial or injurious?

It is beneficial.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of $10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

"MARY, SEE THE MOON?"

SHOWERS.

III.

"AND Mary liked the ring, Peter?" asked mother.

I looked up into mother's kind gray eyes and bit my lip. "Well, mother," I lied bravely, "to tell you the truth, it does seem a bit old-fashioned for her. I've been wondering if you'd mind if—if—I wear it and get Mary a diamond—a solitaire, perhaps."

For a long time mother said nothing, and I stared out through the window at the spring violets by the walk. It hurt me that my first deliberate lie to mother must come through Mary, but I swallowed my hurt bravely and recalled how young and pretty Mary was. And after a while mother rose and kissed me.

"Peter," she said gently, "don't begin wrong. And for all I love to keep up with the times, still there are many old-fashioned things, like the ring, for instance, that are best."

Somehow, looking up into mother's eyes, I felt that she knew and feared for me as she looked ahead.

We were to be married in June, when the roses bloomed. And Mary was to have a rose wedding. It's odd how all along it seemed to me that it was Mary's wedding and not mine. And as the summer came this feeling grew. Very soon I began to realize acutely that a fashionable wedding inevitably casts its shadow long before. Whenever I wanted Mary now she was busy. And invariably it was something connected with her wedding.

If I asked her to drive, there was the milliner or the dressmaker or the tailor to consult, and there were a variety of lessons to be taken in the draping of her veil. There were showers and luncheons and luncheons and showers; there were notes to be written about presents, and there were involved wedding puzzles in silver to be solved by means of a catalogue; there were visitors and sightseers galore and some infernal kind of sentimental wedding book to keep up like the day ledger of a foundry. Nights, when at last I had Mary to myself, she was so tired and pale that I fumed inwardly at all the ridiculous fuss and frivol weaving itself about something which to me at least seemed too intimately sacred for all such ridiculous publicity.

But Mary liked it; that was evident. And I was surprised and a little disappointed. For the wedding was no longer a sacred ceremony to bind me to Mary; it was a dread blare of trumpets and trumpery, revealing to me much in Mary that I would rather have not seen.

HIS ILLUSIONS FADING.

IV.

"PETER," said Mary one night in June, "you must have a bachelor dinner, you know; everybody does."

"I'm not sorry enough at leaving bachelor days to hold a funeral over them," I responded promptly.

"Oh, Peter!" Mary pouted, "how can you say such things? Everybody does!"

"Everybody does what?" I asked, purposely teasing her about her feminine inaccuracies of speech.

"Why," she said without a glimmer of humor, "every fashionable groom has a bachelor dinner."

"Everybody does!" How I had grown to hate that combination of words. Every maddening detail of our approaching wedding had been ushered in to the shallow text of "Everybody does."

"Well," said I pleasantly, "I don't. You may manage all that sort of thing yourself. We—er rather—you have had a linen shower and a kitchen shower, a handkerchief shower and the dear Lord only knows what other kind of shower and I've scarcely seen you for a week. Tomorrow, Mary, we're going motoring all day. Dad and mother have given us a little runabout for a wedding gift."

I fancied she'd be pleased, but she was too tired. And besides she looked a little guilty.

"Oh, Peter," she said, "have you forgotten? Tomorrow I give a luncheon to my bridesmaids. And, besides, mother says I must not be seen out for the next week or so. She doesn't like to see a bride so—so bold."

I stared. And then I groaned.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, "do you know that I'm taking a week of vacation before the wedding purposely to be with you? Am I not of more importance than the dressmaker and the milliner and the fool girls who are eternally gushing over you? I'll be glad when all this silly frivoling is over and we settle down to life again."

I was angry, and showed it, and instantly I discovered that there was still another kind of shower which might disturb the serenity of my prenuptial days. Mary burst into tears.

"Oh," she sobbed, "I don't see how you can be so unreasonable. I've simply got to do all these things, and I like them, anyway. Mother says you always look back to it all as the happiest time of your life, and I'm getting a love of a trousseau—it's worth spending some time on—everybody says that there isn't another girl in town who's had such a complete trousseau as I."

"Well," thought I guiltily, "Mary's tired and I'm a brute." So I kissed her and went home and looked at the gimabout. My romantic illusions were suffering considerably these days. After all, it takes a wedding of the sort mine was to be to teach a man his place.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Three Minute Journeys

WHERE FARMERS WORK TO MUSIC

By Temple Manning

IN Central Soudan, which lies in the heart of Central Africa, I found unexpected hospitality among the Gwari. These strange black men have a high degree of civilization, particularly in farming pursuits. They have a number of towns in which one may see peculiar customs still current, but it is on the farms just outside of these towns that I found the greatest interest.

All work that is of any importance is carried on to the accompaniment of music. The headsmen go out to the fields with the workers and stand around, dressed in monkey or goat skins, playing the fife or a drum. Sometimes, on state occasions, there will be an entire native band made up of fifes, drums, pipes, and native violins.

Whenever there is any work being carried on, the big men of the village are to be found in the fields, smoking their pipes, each having brought his quota of workers. It is very curious to watch them as they stroll around. Here they will stop and solemnly salute the workers for their energy, and across the field they will again come to a halt and rebuke some other worker for his slackness.

The old men are sure to be found under the trees smoking their pipes, while other headmen of equal rank, but of less age, are beating their drums to cheer their less lucky compatriots on to greater labors. But let a wart hog be flushed in the nearby woods and every one will desert the work and give chase.

Off through the woods they will go, the drum men giving an occasional rally to urge them on, until the dog has brought the hog to bay. Then the men stand and watch the combat between the dog and hog, shrilling loudly and making endurance bets. But when the hog has been dispatched, they all hurry back to their work and the headmen beat their drums the harder to make up for lost time.

Advice to Girls

Am nineteen years old and this winter had a sweetheart who came about four or five nights of each week to see me. He kept this up for about two months, then he got so he didn't come but about three times a week. He was very jealous.

So one Sunday while he was out of town I went down to a cafe with another boy friend of mine. A few remarks were made about him being so jealous and afraid for me to walk down the street with another boy. Now it so happened that an old girl of his who had just returned to the city heard these remarks and went and told him every word.

When he came back he didn't come to see me any more, but, instead, went to call upon this girl. Everyone said that he would keep company with her when she came back, for they had gone together for so long. He told me that he never wrote to her this winter (which he did) in order to keep me from being jealous.

I have left that town now and I don't know whether to write to him or not. I think a great deal of him and I know he did of me at one time. I thought that maybe if I did write to him he might show it to this girl. What would you do if you were me? ANXIOUS.

WELL, that's what happens when you talk too much and too loud at the same time.

To begin with, you were very foolish to let any man take five evenings of your week—unless you were really engaged to him. No wonder he began to arrive a little less often.

Sugar is very sweet, you know, and so is candy. But just think of living on them for three meals a day. Nothing precious ever comes so easily—and nothing that is so easy to get every stays precious—very long.

Honest and truly now, didn't you say what you did say just on purpose for this other girl to hear? Didn't you want her to be a little jealous herself? And wasn't that why you talked so loud—and so much? So he was writing to her all the time—while he was making such desperate love to you.

Well, now, the best thing both of you two girls can do is to get rid of that young man just as fast as you can. He's made a fool of both of yu—and undoubtedly there's a third dear little goose believing every word he says to her right now. Don't be so easily fooled by sweet words next time.

These easy love-makers have always had a great deal of experience. That's how it comes so easy.

Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care this office.